*Ro.* Farewell.
I will omit no oportunitie,
That may conuey my greetings loue to thee.
*Iu.* O thinkest thou we shall euer meete againe?
*Ro.* I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serue
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
*Iu.* O God I haue an ill diuining soule,
Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a Tombe,
Either my eye-sight failes, or thou lookest pale.
*Rom.* And trust me loue, in my eye so doe you:
Dry sorrow drinkes our bloud. Adue, adue.
*Exit.*

*Iu.* O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renowm'd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But send him backe.

*Enter Mother.*

*La.* Ho daughter, are you vp?
*Iu.* Who ist that cals? it is my Lady Mother.
Is she not downe so late or vp so early?
What vnaccustom'd cause procures her hether?
*La.* Why, how now *Iuliet*.
*Iu.* Madam, I am not well.
*La.* Euermore weeping for your Cozins death?
What wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares?
And if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him liue:
Therefore haue done, some griefe shewes much of loue,
But much of griefe, shewes still some want of wit.
*Iu.* Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse,
*La.* So shall you feele the losse, but not the friend
Which you weepe for.
*Iu.* Feeling so the losse,
I cannot chuse but euer weepe the friend.
*La.* Well Girle, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the Villaine liues which slaughtered him.

*Iu.*



*Iu.* What Villaine Madam?
*La.* That same Villaine *Romeo*.
*Iu.* Villaine, and he be many miles a sunder:
God pardon him, I doe with all my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.
*La.* That is because the Traytor liues.
*Iu.* I Madam, from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.
*La.* We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, Ile send to one in *Mantua*,
Where that same banisht Runnagate doth liue,
Shall giue him such an accustom'd dram,
That he shall soone keepe *Tibalt* companie:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.
*Iu.* Indeed I neuer shall be satisfied
With *Romeo*, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart, so for a Kinsman vext:
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyson, I would temper it:
That *Romeo* should vpon receit thereof,
Soone sleepe in quier. O how my heart abhors
To heare him nam'd and cannot come to him.
To wreake the loue I bore my Cozin,
Vpon his body that hath slaughtered him.
*Mo.* Find thou the meanes, and ile find such a man,
But now ile tell thee ioyfull tiding Girle.
*Iu.* And ioy comes well in such a needy time,
What are they, I beseech your Ladiship?
*Mo.* Well, well, thou hast a carefull father childe.
One who to put thee from thy heauinesse,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of ioy,
That thou expects not, nor I looke not for.
*Iu.* Madam in happie time, what day is that?
*Mo.* Marrie my childe, early next Thursday morne,
The gallant, yong, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Shall happly make thee there a ioyfull Bride.



*Iu.*